

King of the Road
by
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FADE IN.

A montage of motorcycles and old school bikers found in photos and old news clippings... Old, young. Hard core, nouvo riche...

The VOICE of an old man speaks over the images. This is PANHEAD MCCOY (you'll learn more about him later), a been there, done that kind of guy...

PANHEAD (V.O.)

Back in the day, true bikers ruled the road. Bikers of steel and conviction. But there was one man, a friend to me and noble. The called him "Wild" Bill.

Land on picture of "Wild" Bill, young and handsome. His dirty blond hair tucked under a cowboy hat with a mustache and goatee. In one photo, he pops the world's longest wheelie.

PANHEAD (V.O.)

But times change. Glory fades. Hell, even beer can lose it's foam. But that ain't so for Bill. At least that's what he liked to think.

FADE from pictures to...

1 INT. THE RANCH BAR - NIGHT

1

A booth labeled "Wild Bill's Booth."

At the booth sits WILD BILL, now in his 50's and the ghost of the man he used to be. Beside him...

IGOR, with Frankenstein stitches, and Bill's best friend.

An old dog, CANDY, guzzles beer from a bowl labelled CANDY.

PETE, the bartender, dumps some Coors in their cups. Bill's in the middle of a story.

BILL

See, them boys were runnin'.
Cherry tops screamin'. Slab packed
with traffic. Then me and Panhead
pulled up on one wheel and split
'er right-

BILL AND PETE
Down the middle.

IGOR
Then we blew up' em up--

BILL
--No, I used the lasso on 'em--

IGOR
--No! Panhead had dynamite!

He pulls out a stick of dynamite.

Pete nods, nostalgic.

PETE
Thems were the days.

BILL
And I'll still stand up to anyone
that gets in my way!--

PETE
--Take a stand Bill! Take a stand!

Bill stands... But not for long. He falls over.

BILL
(from the floor)
I think Candy's had it.

2 EXT. THE RANCH BAR - NIGHT

2

In front is a MARQUEE: Hom_ o_ Wild _ill.

Bill, Igor, and Candy (with Pete waving) stumble through the parking lot towards two RAT CHOPPERS.

Holding his beer steady, he helps Candy onto the gas tank (where she likes to sit).

Igor falls onto his own rat bike. The "Motor-scythe," with a coffin-shaped side car toting beer kegs... And a sack of dynamite.

They fly out of the parking lot.

3 EXT. WINDING COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

3

TITLE: KING OF THE ROAD. CREDITS ROLL.

Roger Miller's "KING OF THE ROAD" beats a path through the darkness as these two BAD ASS BIKERS roll out of the sunrise.

They zoom past rolling corn fields, bars, dirt roads, a dead deer, trailer parks chocked with tire forts, farms, and abandon school buses. Bill almost tips an Amish buggy.

They also pass neighborhoods with model homes, McMansions, and strip malls... FOR SALE signs in apple orchards.

Waving bye to Igor, Bill veers off onto a side road, under a covered bridge, and back through the country.

4 EXT. SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS 4

Bill reaches a long dirt driveway and a MAILBOX: "Wild Bill's Box." He parks to check his mail... Nothing. He goes to shift gears but the engine stalls.

He tries again... It coughs... Then chokes.

BILL

Fuck it.

Beer can in hand, he helps Candy off the bike and just leaves it there.

5 EXT. BILL'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS 5

Bill and Candy weave back and forth down the dirt driveway. They both fall over.

BILL

Ha ha! Candy girl! You're such a light weight! Candy?

He shakes her. She doesn't move. He pours some beer in his hand and splashes her face. He empties the can on her head.

Nothing happens. Candy is dead.

HOLD ON - Bill's face. Sad, drunk, and confused.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 EXT. BILL'S BACK YARD - LAKE -- DAY 6

Bill's face. Sad, drunk, and confused. He looks down at a floating funeral pyre with a cross: "Candy." Think Viking/Biker funeral.

Igor's there with his bike and other BIKER FRIENDS. These include MOLLY HATCHET. Even at 40, young and wild. Everyone smokes joints and drinks beer.

Igor taps his coffin keg. A torrent of blessed beer flows onto the grave.

IGOR
I anoint this dog in blessed beer.
The best and only beer for the best
and only dog.

Makes a sign of the cross.

MOLLY HATCHET
(to herself)
Damn catholic.

BILL
She was a good dog... Most
faithful woman I ever knew.

ALL
Here here.

Igor pushes the "floatilla" onto the water. Everyone throws their joints at the raft. A small fire catches then dies.

IGOR
Damn. We should've used dynamite.

7 INT. THE RANCH BAR - LATER

7

Bill and Igor, with their beer mugs, enter the dark bar. We don't see much, but something's different about it. (**Note: Bill always has some kind of beer in his hand.**)

Pete bursts out of the kitchen, wheeling a cart of smoking weenie-wraps. He wears a white leather tuxedo with FRINGE.

BILL
You missed the funeral.

PETE
Sorry, bar's been booked.

BILL
What do ya mean, booked?

PETE
Biker party. High class.

IGOR
But it's dinner time.

PETE
So?

BILL
So we gotta eat... Pete. 'Sides
my dog died.

PETE
Yeah, but--

BILL
But what?

--A RUMBLE from the parking lot. The building SHAKES.

PETE
It's King.

BILL
Who's King?

The RUMBLE builds to a ROAR. The tables vibrate. Igor's
beer mug explodes in his hand.

Pete shoves them with his cart.

BILL
Who the hell is King!

Beat.

PETE
They call him... The Next Dennis
Hopper.

Then, the doors BLAST open. Smoke pours into the room-- like
the real Hell's Angels have come to collect.

8 EXT. THE RANCH BAR -- NIGHT

8

Bill and Igor step out into a vortex of smoke and growling
engines. Beneath the rumble we hear the child-like notes of
an ice cream truck playing... HIGHWAY TO HELL.

As the smoke clears, we see-- Mini-vans... and a clown car.

A GREEN MINI-VAN surges ahead of the rest. It tows a
glistening Harley Road King and a bubble gum pink Sportster.
The driver door opens and out steps...

KING. A rich middle-aged banker in a black leather fringe-covered vest. He has a prominent MOTHER tattoo on his BICEPS. **(It changes location throughout the film.)**

SKIPPER, his wife, follows. A blond bombshell that fell apart after high school, she stares around like a lobotomized squirrel with earrings.

They walk over to a YUPPIE PHOTOGRAPHER and pose. CAMERA FLASH. FREEZE FRAME.

IN SLOW MOTION: King, Skipper, and a YUPPIE HERD strut Hollywood style into the bar.

A WHITE FRINGED CLOWN brings up the rear with a karaoke machine and a balloon bike.

9 EXT. THE RANCH BAR - PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

9

Bill and Igor in the circle of minivans. Dust rolls in the wake of the biker wanna-be's. An urban tumble weed tumbles by.

BILL
What ever happened to the old
Dennis Hopper?

They head for the door but--

A YUPPIE BOUNCER, name tag, TODD, bounces them back with his BEACH BALL BELLY.

TODD
Private party.

BILL
Look man, my dog died.

Todd shrugs.

Bill and Igor take a running start and HEAD-BUTT their way into...

10 INT. THE RANCH BAR -- NIGHT

10

Yuppie party in full swing. Fringe like leather dreadlocks sway from computer programmers and Harvard graduates. PABST BLUE RIBBON bubbles from champagne flutes.

A BANNER: KING! HAPPY 55TH BIRTHDAY!

King, in Bill's Booth, hoists a beer-flute high as--

Bill and Igor crash through the door and hit the yuppie crowd head on.

Silence. King strides up to Bill with his beer-flute. He looks down.

KING
Excuse me, neighbor. This is a private party.

Pete rushes over.

PETE
He knows! Come on, Bill.

BILL
Come on yourself, Pete.
(to King)
Look, man, we're not gonna get in your way...

KING
But, neighbor, you already have.

11 EXT. THE RANCH BAR - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 11

Bill and Igor are bounced out. The "Wild Bill's Booth" sign follows, ripped in half.

BILL
Damn yuppers.

12 EXT. BILL'S FRONT YARD - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT 12

Bill and Igor drink blessed beer from the "motorscythe."

IGOR
What we need is a plan.

BILL
Ya think?

IGOR
No! What we need is a really hot chick... and some dynamite.

CUT TO:

13 IGOR'S SCHEME 13

EXT. THE RANCH BAR - DAY

Molly Hatchet, in a mini-skirt, walks into the bar.
Something black leaks from her purse.

IGOR (V.O.)
Fill her purse with gun powder.

14 INT. THE RANCH BAR - DAY 14
Molly finishes a beer and leaves the purse on the stool.

15 EXT. THE RANCH BAR - DAY 15
Igor lights the gun powder. Molly runs out of the building.

BACK TO:

16 EXT. BILL'S FRONT YARD - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT 16
EXPLOSION O.S.

BILL
That won't work! What about the
bar?

IGOR
Oh.

Just then, the "dog floatilla" passes by.

Bill finishes his beer.

17 EXT. THE RANCH BAR - PARKING LOT -- NEXT MORNING 17
Bill and Igor pull into the lot. A YUPPIE CONSTRUCTION CREW
works away. King tears a check out for Pete.

KING
Sorry, Wild Bill, bar's been
booked.

BILL
Well when's it unbooked?

KING
Actually, it's booked permanently.
That means I bought it.

BILL
You can't do that. Pete!

Pete shrugs.

KING
So, I'd like you to leave.
Permanently.

IGOR
I'm gonna take this dynamite and
shove it up--

PETE
Now fellas. Maybe you shoul-

BILL
Shut your mouth! I'm gonna do what
I shoulda done last night.

Bill takes a hard swig of BEER and throws down the mug. It SHATTERS O.S. He takes a LASSO off his belt and swings it in the air.

PETE
Now Bill. Bill!

Bill twirls the lasso. King looks bored. Bill gets ready to release but--

Pete knocks him out of the way. Bill trips over the lasso and falls on the ground.

KING
Bill, take my advice. Give up
before you lose all your dignity.
Wait. You never had any!

BILL
Damn--

PETE
Bill--

BILL
That yupper needs taught a lesson!

PETE
No, no more lessons.

Pete helps Bill up. Bill pushes him off.

BILL
Screw you! Damn sell out. This
was our bar, man! The club
house... With Panhead McCoy!

PETE

I know. But the club's gone and so is Panhead--And I'm goin' too. Maybe get my own place in the sun.

BILL

Yeah right! What else you gotta do? You used to be my friend...

PETE

I still am, Bill--

BILL

--How could you do this to me?

PETE

I didn't do nothin'. It's the world, Bill. It keeps spinnin' and you just keep standin' there like nothin's happened. If you wanna blame someone, blame yourself.

Pete stomps away. Bill ponders.

BILL

Maybe he's right.

IGOR

I'll show him who's right!

BILL

Maybe... It don't matter... 'Sides... I could really use a beer.

A BANNER rises: "ROAD KING'S CASTLE"

18 EXT. QUAKER STEAK'N LUBE - LATER THAT DAY 18

Establishing.

19 INT. QUAKER STEAK'N LUBE - DAY 19

Bill and Igor sit in a candy striped booth. The "Bill's Booth" sign propped on a Catsup bottle.

Igor goes to town on a BUCKET OF HOT WINGS while Bill just sits there, depressed.

BILL

It ain't so bad.

PULL BACK:

It's like a Denny's but with bikes hanging from the ceiling.

A PERKY WAITRESS leaves the invoice in a Harley-shaped notebook. Bill checks the book, has another sip of beer then-

BILL
'scuse me! You gotta put this on
our tab.

20 EXT. QUAKER STEAK AND LUBE -- MAGIC 20

A BIG BELLIED MANAGER throws them out of the bar.

BILL
Damn yuppers. A bar without a tab?

PANHEAD (O.S.)
A bar without a tab is no bar at
all.

They look up.

BILL
Panhead...

Old but bold. PANHEAD MCCOY walks out of the sunset. He offers Bill a sip from a golden MUG OF COORS.

21 EXT. PANHEAD'S TRAILER -- MAGIC 21

Bill and Igor follow Panhead, smoking a joint, through the front yard... More like a junk yard.

PANHEAD
Talked to Candy. Figured I better
show up. You weren't doin' too
well on your own.

BILL
But Candy's dead.

PANHEAD
Course she's dead! How else she
gonna talk to me! Still... I just
don't figure why this bar business
is so important... It's nothin'
but a dang hole in the wall.

BILL
True... But it's all mine...

Panhead turns and looks Bill right in the eye.

PANHEAD
Then what you need is a plan.

IGOR
Dynamite!

PANHEAD
Perhaps... Follow me.

Panhead disappears down the hill.

22 EXT. ELECTRIC WINE CELLAR - DAY 22

A trailer, covered in earth. A lightning rod on the roof.

PANHEAD
Now I know they say that drinkin'
don't solve your problems...
But... That's a load of bull.

He opens the trailer door.

23 INT. ELECTRIC WINE CELLAR - DAY 23

MUSIC RISES as we see...

Rows and rows of clear bottles filled with luminous liquid. Bill and Igor sit at an old school bar booth while Panhead pours them 10 shots a piece from a bottle labelled "1969".

PANHEAD
Electric wine. Pure-concentrated
hooch. You gotta down 10 shots in
rapid succession.

One by one, Bill, Igor, and Panhead down the shots, trying not to pass out.

PANHEAD
If you pass out too soon. You get
a concussion. If you pass out too
late, you get a concussion. But if
you do it just right... The
secrets of the universe will be
revealed.

They drink their tenth shot, their heads hit the table,
and... BAM!

FADE TO:

24 HEAVENLY WHITE LIGHT 24

A dark, amorphous figure in the distance... It takes the form of a... DOG. The dog HOWLS--

25 EXT. QUAKER STEAK'N LUBE - NIGHT 25

--Bill's eyes shoot open. Igor's passed out in a puddle of drool. No Panhead in sight.

BILL
I got it!

IGOR
(rubbing his head)
Good, 'cause I got a concussion.

PHONE RINGS O.S.

26 EXT. PAY PHONE - LATER 26

Bill talks at the phone. Igor listens in.

BILL
Hey Molly. I need you to round up some of your old clients.

27 INT. BEER DISTRIBUTOR - LATER 27

Molly Hatchet knits an ad for Iron City Beer in the corner. She talks to Bill on the phone.

MOLLY
How old? I don't know about that. What daya mean why? 'Cause half of 'em are half dead! I'll see what I can do.

FLASH TO:

28 EXPLOSION OF LIGHT! 28

The YUPPIE PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture of King - on a MECHANICAL BULL.

As the bull gyrates back and forth, King sings "King of the Road" to a disco beat. Note the extra fringe, a Next Dennis Hopper turtle-neck, and a fake handle-bar mustache.

PULL BACK TO:

29 EXT. THE RANCH BAR - NIGHT 29

The party's outside now. Yuppies bop, sway, and drink Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Pete, quite the sad sack, tends the TIKKI BAR. Then...

The bar VIBRATES... A low RUMBLE... It builds to a ROAR. Pete turns his head and squints into the darkness. He grins.

30 PETE'S POV-- 30

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Bikers... As far as the eye can see. They wind down the road towards the bar.

31 EXT. THE RANCH BAR - NIGHT 31

Bikers pour into the parking lot, Igor and Molly Hatchet follow Bill as he brings up the rear.

All at once. The engines die... King drops his microphone.

KING

Todd! Get these lowlifes and their ratty bikes off my property--I'll call the cops.

Whips out his cell phone.

BILL

You think you're pretty tough shit, doncha?

King comes forward.

KING

I know I am. Just because you don't bathe doesn't make you a biker. I'd out bike and out man anyone one of you pieces of white trash!

Yuppies CHEER.

BILL

So you say.

KING

It's true. I'd ride circles around you.

BILL
 Alright, *NEIGHBOR*. You're on.

KING
 What?

BILL
 Your Rice Burner against my old
 rat... Winner gets the bar.

KING
 Well... Ah... You better not
 scratch my paint!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

Bill rides up on his old ratty bike and King on his shiny
 crotch rocket.

Bikers and yuppies CHEER.

Bill throws down his mug of Coors. It SHATTERS O.S.

Molly puts a helmet on his head.

BILL
 What the--I ain't wearin' no
 helmet. Makes my head hurt.

MOLLY
 Yeah, yeah.

She shoves it on.

Bill turns, squints down the line and into the distance. His
 vision blurs. He wipes his eyes.

King kisses Skipper Hollywood style. LAUGHING.

Igor walks up to Bill.

IGOR
 You OK?

BILL
 Course I'm OK. 'Sides, it ain't
 the bike, it's the man.

Bill tries to kick start his bike but the engine stalls.

King looks over.

KING

What's the matter, Wild Bill? Say,
maybe it's both the bike and the
man!

King presses the START BUTTON and guns his own engine.

Bill SIGHS, looks to his friends, and looks down at his beat
up rat.

BILL

Maybe your right. Maybe...

He raises his head towards the horizon. He stops. His
breath catches.

BILL'S POV

On top of an old covered bridge sits the lone figure of
Panhead McCoy. Panhead nods, raises a beer for Bill and...
falls off the roof.

BACK TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Bill looks to King. Takes off his helmet. Underneath is the
trusty cowboy hat.

KING

You can't do that! That's...
Dangerous!

BILL

Maybe I have a hard head.

Bill flings off the helmet. Igor catches it.

BILL (CONT'D)

Ya know. Ya might want to give up
while you still have your
dignity... The Next Dennis Hopper
my ass.

He nods at Molly who's standing in front of the bridge with a
sawed off shot gun. She raises the rifle and FIRES!

Bill SLAMS the gas and ROARS ahead.

King SLAMS the gas and ROARS after him.

THE RACE IS ON

They jet, neck and neck down the road. King keeps a good pace, but Bill is the experienced pro.

Bill taunts King. He pops a little wheelie.

King LAUGHS and also pops a little wheelie.

Bill SLAMS the gas again and pops a longer wheelie.

King does the same.

Then Bill smiles, SLAMS the gas a final time, and pops another wheelie. But this wheelie goes on FOREVER. He rides that one-wheeled bronco straight down the yellow line!

King sneers, accelerates, and raises his own wheel. For an instant, he's gaining, but only for an instant... His bike shakes! His tire falls! Again, he raises. Again it falls!

Bill turns 180 on one wheel and now heads straight for King.

King panics. His bike skips and bumps.

Bill smiles, closing in.

King gropes at the controls. The bike wobbles and veers into the brush.

KING

Ahhhhhh!

EXT. ROAD SIDE - DAY

Bill slams on the breaks, cuts his engine, and pulls out his LASSO. He strides over to King who's flailing beside his bike, though no worse for wear.

Bill waves the lasso above his head then "wrangles" King back onto the road.

KING

HEY! TIME OUT!!! TIME OUT!

FREEZE on King's face as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

33 EXT. THE RANCH BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

33

A hard core bash in full swing. Yuppies and old school bikers play nice. Bill soaks in the good times while once again, the voice of Panhead speaks...

PANHEAD (V.O.)

And that was that. It was like
Bill brought back in the day...
Back to today! Even taught those
yuppers a thing or two!

Molly Hatchet walks by with Skipper. She's teaching her to guzzle beer.

MOLLY HATCHET

No no no. You gotta do it this way.
No, this way!
(Molly swigs hard)
Then really let her rip.

Molly BURPS and winks at Bill. Bill looks right at camera and says...

BILL

What a woman...

PANHEAD (V.O.)

Hell, even King mellowed out.

Bill walks over to a table where everyone's clapping, wishing King "Happy Birthday." He's bruised, mother tattoo smudged, and mustache askew... But smiles as...

Igor hands him a cake... with DYNAMITE candles.

They all hit the deck as the cake shoots up into the air and explodes like a fire cracker.

FIREWORKS DISSOLVE TO...

34 EXT. THE RANCH BAR - SUNRISE

34

Bikers sprawled in the parking lot. King, passed out, wrapped in the "King's Castle" Banner. Bill gets on his rat bike and kick starts the engine.

HOLD ON BAR. The Ranch signs glows.

35 EXT. OPEN ROAD - SUNRISE 35

Bill on the open road. A sign - PUPPIES FOR SALE. BILL pulls down the drive.

PANHEAD (V.O.)

They say ya can't teach an old dog new tricks... Especially if it's dead. But you can always buy a new dog.

CUT TO:

36 BILL GETS HANDED A PUPPY. IT LICKS HIS FACE. 36

37 EXT. OPEN ROAD - SUNRISE 37

Man and Dog ride into the sunrise. Old West Style.

PANHEAD (V.O.)

There he goes, one old, bold biker. Hell, maybe he and Igor will start a club! Get back out on the open road and fight the good fight!

FADE TO BLACK.

PANHEAD (V.O.)

But first...

BILL (V.O.)

I could really use a beer.

BACK TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - SUNRISE

The bike turns around and heads back to the bar.

THE END.